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The Clipper Club and Sample Rooms keep constantly on hand choice old McFray Whisky and good cigars.

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Comfort, Ease, Liquid Refreshments and the Choicest Brands of Cigars.

In addition to a well-fitted and well-furnished saloon I have added a

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Which is provided with comfortable beds, and always polite attendance

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## Clothing, Boots & Shoes,

For Laboring Men.

PEACH SPRINGS, A. T.

Best Brands of

Liquors and Cigars constantly on hand.

GIVE ME A CALL.

### MONGOOSES.

Frighful Little Animals From India that Voraciously Eat Rats.

"I have just received the only mongoses that have ever come to America, and I wouldn't sell them for \$1,000 apiece," said Mr. Isaacson as he led the way to a pen about four feet square, in which two little animals were moving about briskly. Mr. Isaacson is a destroyer of vermin by profession, and an enthusiast by nature.

"Look at them," he exclaimed as he tossed a bit of meat into the pen. They are the inveterate enemy of the rat. They kill foxes and beasts of all sorts and eat snakes. They attack all animals in the same way. They spring upon their prey and eat into the back of the neck and then up the head, and go on until the animal is entirely consumed. Nothing can shake them off. They eat rats entirely up in marvellously short order. Everything is eaten—bones, flesh, hair and tail. A rat will fly from a mongoose with the wildest terror, but it is useless. The mongoose always catches it.

The piece of meat that Mr. Isaacson had thrown into the pen was seized by one of the mongoses. The animal was a trifle larger than a rat, and was covered with brown hair about half an inch long. Six or seven stripes of white hair ran about its body, and its face was black. Its little eyes twinkled brightly. The tail was short. The ferocity of the mongoose when it seized the meat was extraordinary. It has four claws on each foot that look like curved shingle nails. It sank its claws into the meat, and with a vicious tug, rent the close fibres apart. As it did so it dived in between its paws with its sharp nose, and with a rapid motion of the jaws, ate a hole into the meat until half its head was imbedded. Then it abruptly withdrew its head, thrust its claws into the hole it had made, and tore the beef again. Again it began to eat, and in a moment more it had torn the chunk of beef in two pieces. The female mongoose came forward and began to eat one.

"Are you sure these are the only mongoses in America?"

"Mongoses, my dear sir. Yes, I am positive. I sent for them myself to Calcutta nearly a year ago. They arrived in the ship *Murietta* a few days ago. The captain didn't feed them a crumb on board. They lived during the whole trip on the rats they caught. The mongoses were very successful when they were first introduced into the island of Jamaica. The island was so overrun with rats that people gave up cultivating the soil. Extensive farms were neglected. Every attempt to conquer the rats failed. They were ruining the financial prospects of the island. The first attempt to introduce animals destructive to rats failed. The aqua toads were quite as great an evil as the rats, as they killed birds and chickens and destroyed eggs. Ferrets were destroyed by the native chiggers. Fox terriers were cut by the sharp edges of the leaves of the sugar cane. Then mongoses were introduced, and in a short time the rats were exterminated. The mongoses breeds rapidly, and he soon spread over the island."

"What will you do with this pair of mongoses?"

"I shall use them in my business. One mongoose will eat all the rats in the biggest house in town."

### A NEW DISCOVERY.

One of the most valuable discoveries recently made by practical men of science is a means of lighting up the human body with electricity in such a manner that the physician or surgeon can clearly see the field in which he is to operate. The advantage of such a discovery can not be overestimated, as it is a fact, admitted even by the professional gentlemen themselves, that they often fail to relieve pain because of being compelled to work in the dark; and when treating an internal ailment they are as likely to injure as to benefit the patient with experimental prescriptions. With the new apparatus, however, there is no longer need to grope in the dark, and troubles of the ear, nose, mouth, throat and other organs can be so illuminated that the operator can clearly see the minute parts.

The adaptability of the electric light that is of the incandescent order is so apparent that it is a matter of surprise that a man of medicine was not the discoverer of its valuable properties. The instrument when used upon the human body may be inserted in various ways. It contains at one end an objective which forms an image of the part examined. It permits of the illumination of the walls of the stomach and the consequent examination of the same by the aid of lenses. The light is very clear, said to be in no way injurious and shows the parts in their proper colors.

Watering milk is a misdemeanor in New York State. Laws are so loosely administered, however, that the statute gives very little rest to the pump handle.

### STORIES ABOUT ANIMALS.

#### HOLY BEES.

Judge Hatch received a swarm of bees last night that were imported directly from Jerusalem by Henry Alley, of Boston, the famous apiarist and author of "New Method of Queen bearing." These bees are of the original stock of "holy bees" mentioned in Scripture. They differ from the common honey gatherers by being provided with a longer tongue, with which they are able to extract the sweets from hony flowers and shrubs that other bees cannot reach. They are also able to fly swifter and can remain longer on the wing, thus ranging over a wider honey district. They are in every way superior stock, and of perfectly pure breed. The Judge says this is the only swarm of this variety now in this part of the State. —[Santa Barbara (Cal.) Press.

#### A FATAL PECK BY A HEN.

Nearly or quite two months ago Mrs. John Preston, of Gwynedd, was pecked by a hen on the index finger of her right hand. The blow did not break the skin, but caused a very slight bruise. Nothing was thought of so trifling a wound until a few days after it was inflicted, when the finger began to pain and swell. The pain increased until it became almost unbearable, and the swelling did not cease until it had extended up the arm to the shoulder, when the finger burst from the knuckle joint to the tip, and began to discharge a purulent substance, and has been doing so to the time of this writing. The swelling in the arm has subsided, and the wound is much less painful than at first. Although the patient has been under constant treatment by a skillful and successful physician from the first, the sore shows but little evidence of healing, and renders the patient almost powerless to do anything. The case is certainly a remarkable one. Mrs. Preston is over 60 years of age. —[North Wales (Pa.) Record.

#### THE CHAMPION FISH STORY.

I have heard the champion fish story. It is vouched for as authentic by "the highest and most trustworthy authority," and, in future, all of the sportsmen who heretofore have not gone it one better should hide their diminished heads. At no time has a Rhode Island club fireside circle of fishing experts quite attained its level, although some pretty tall tales of marvelous takes have been heard thereabouts. A well-known Providence lawyer recently went forth with rod, line and bait to capture from a country pond the fresh water bass. He got a bite, he gently lifted his pole, he hooked the fish, he reeled him partially in. Suddenly an impediment prevented the rapid landing of the fish. It must be it has gotten behind a stump. The reel works hard. "I mustn't break the pole." He keeps up the tension on the line, and runs the pole carefully down to explore, with negative results. Steady but hard pull on silk line finally bring up fish and impediment. It was a pound bass with the bail of a two-quart tin kettle in its mouth, the kettle entire and half filled with mud and leaves. In drawing in the fish, which struck for the bottom, its wide-open mouth caught the pail-handle, which became entangled with the hook, and remained entangled until the two were brought to the surface. Next!—[Providence Press.

#### AN ELEPHANT WHIPPED BY A MAN.

One of the cases before the Mayor yesterday morning was that of Rufus Reed (colored), who was charged with an affray with Sell's little elephant, and the facts brought out proved that the man whipped the elephant. Reed, who is a tall, muscular colored man, had been giving the elephant a few apples, handing it all except one, which he put in his vest pocket. While his attention was turned the elephant reached out its trunk, and getting hold of Rufus' pocket, tried to pull the apple out, tearing the vest nearly off before the wearer's attention was turned to the elephant's prank.

Seizing the elephant's trunk ("snout," Reed called it), he tried to wrench his vest and the apple away from it, but the elephant drew its trunk from Reed's hands, and, swinging it around, gave Reed a terrible blow on the side of the head. Reed drew back and felled the elephant to the ground with a blow from his fist, delivered over the eye. The elephant's keeper then attacked Reed, and Reed knocked him down. In the mean time the elephant had regained its legs and gave Reed another blow on the side. Reed was now thoroughly exasperated, and actually knocked the elephant over on its back, and then left the tent. As the elephant had left the city and could not appear in court yesterday, the Mayor took Reed's statement and let him off lightly, feeling that the elephant deserved the flogging. —[Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.

A poor woman coming from a wretched garret in an inland manufacturing town for the first time to see the sea-shore, gazing at the ocean, said, "she was glad for once in her life to see something which there was enough of."

Maine law forbids hunting deer with dogs, and limits the number that one person may shoot to three. Maine also has a liquor law which undertakes to limit a man in his drinks, and keep him from going to the dogs.

### CAPT. MAYNE REID.

A Good Old Man Whose Death Serves as A Test for Bill Arp.

Mayne Reid is dead. He served his day and generation, a generation of boys and girls. They ought to mourn for him, and I wish every one who has read his beautiful books could give a dime a piece to build him a monument. Mayne Reid did for them what Dickens did for older people. He gave them innocent pleasure and instruction with it. There is no instruction so cheap as reading, and no pleasure so lasting but the reading must be of the right kind. How the children do love a good story, and how fortunate is the family that has a good story teller in the household. What a favorite with the little folks and how happy it makes them to gather round aunt or an older sister, and listen to some wonderful things that happened long ago or away off somewhere. When I was a boy there were not many story books, and we used to go out to the negro cabins, or the kitchen and get the old darkeys to tell us stories, and they told us some awful ones too. I have listened to them tell about ghosts and witches, and rawhead and bloody-bones until I didn't dare to look round, and wouldn't have gone to the big house alone for a world full of gold. But all that is buried in the past. The old plantation times are gone with the good and the bad. Our children now have better stories in the books. Not the time novels of blood and terror, but the pleasant romances of good men who loved children. For a long time Robinson Crusoe stood alone as the boys' own book, but now they have the Young Marooners and Swiss Family Robinson, and all of Mayne Reid's books, and it is right good schooling to read them. Their stories are so pleasantly mixed up with botany and geography and zoology and mechanics and contrivance that a boy is obliged to learn whether he wants to or not. Grown folks delight in them as well as children. The Young Marooners ought to be in every household, and especially in every Georgia family, for it was written by a Georgian who was loved and honored by all who knew him. Then there are the Plant Hunters and the Cliff Climbers and the Boy Hunters and the Forest Exiles that are full of incident and instruction, and so entertaining that when a boy begins to read he can't hardly stop for dinner. Of course they arouse a boy's ambition, and he wants to go away off somewhere and fight bears and wild cats and do wonderful things, but they get over that in due time for the bears are most all dead, and you can't find many wild beasts now outside of a menagerie.

Parents and teachers ought to be mighty patient with children. Some have more capacity and some more memory. Some are slow and some are quick. It is not the smartest child that makes the smartest man or woman. It is a powerful stain on some of 'em to keep up, and the dull ones oughtn't to be crowded until they hate books and dread the time of going to school. Some folks send their children to school to get rid of 'em but my opinion is the parents ought to help the teacher every night. It shows the children how much interest they feel in their education. It is a sign of a good teacher when the children get ambitions to keep up and get head marks, and bring their books home at night and want to go to school if it is raining a little. Wrap 'em up and let 'em go. There is nothing that demoralizes a school boy like staying at home every few days and getting behind the class. We used to walk three miles to school, and we never minded it at all. It was a frolic all the way there and all the way back and we did have the best dinners in the world. Delmonico never had as good things as our mother used to fix up for us. It seems to me so now. A child's life is full of romance and fun—the best sort of fun. A child's dreams are splendid, but we don't dream now, hardly ever. I used to read Robinson Crusoe and dream it all over again. How I did long to be shipwrecked on an island and raise monkeys and goats and parrots. Slow children are generally sure children, but they don't show off much. Daniel Webster was most always foot in his class, but when he learned anything he never forgot it. Some boys are wild and restless and have no love for books, but they oughtn't to be given up or hacked on abused continually. If they have good parents they will come to themselves after while. It is astonishing how long a little sin or a little humiliation will follow a boy. One time a boy stole a quarter of a dollar from another boy at school, and that followed him to his grave. He got to be a great man and was thirty years in Congress and was a Senator, and one day when he made a bitter speech against the corruption of the opposite party and denounced their stealing and plundering by wholesale, one of his opponents replied by saying he would remind the gentleman that preachers of morality should come into the pulpit with clean hands—that Ben. Franklin said, "he that would steal a pin would steal a bigger thing," and he asked no quarter from the gentleman on that score."

### BORROWED WIT.

Fur straight—A sealskin saccue.  
The spirit of '76—Jersey applejack.  
A sound argument—Beating a drum.  
A vegetable nose—The turn-up snout.  
Swell affairs—Dried-apples and water.  
The end of the world—The letter "d."  
A farce-seeing eye—The theater goer's.  
The straw shows which way the punch goes.

A bowl-egged man ought to live on omelettes.

The Garden of Eden was destroyed by a "rake."

A tender-place—Between the locomotive and car.

Darkey undertakers can give reliable statistics about the blackberry crop.

A fourth-coming book—The one that follows the third volume.

Don't tread on a barrel-hoop, for, like the worm, it will turn.

The penitential tear is a diamond of the first water.

A cold snap, according to Venmor—100 in the shade.

Pennsylvania girls consider an oily kiss quite petroleum-yum.

In the great lexicon of two-cent newspapers there is no such word as chrono.

It is the men who own the bonds who have a controlling interest in the Government.

"How poor are they who have not patients," was the remark of a prosperous physician.

One of Jersey's prettiest wild-flowers is called "moonshine." It loves the silence of night because it is "still."

The rooster who crows the loudest is always the first to scot into the coop when a strange dog comes into the yard.

Now, while the winds of autumn make every leaflet squirm,  
The busy little chestnut  
Doth catch the early worm.

An old lady being late at church entered as the congregation were rising from prayer. "La!" said she, curtseying, "don't rise on my account."

"Yes," said the drummer, watching a rival at a hotel, "it's his first trip this way. Don't you see he isn't on flirting terms with the table girl?"

The small boy sneaked across the floor  
With step as light as air;  
His smiling face no traces bore  
Of sorrow or of care;  
But ere he reached the closed door,  
To snatch the dainties there,  
His mother's palpitating paw  
Was fastened in his hair.

When a man marries he should regulate his religion to please his wife; and when a woman marries she should regulate her politics to please her husband.

If Moses had been a Jerseyman it would be a very easy matter to tell where he was when the light went out. He would have been down in the cellar sampling applejack.

"Augustus," she said, "why is there so much confusion in that store?" "I know not, dearest," he simpered, "unless it is caused by that bustle in the window."

Shimmer, glimmer, comet fair,  
Like a rocket in the air,  
A nude design, far up on high,  
You soon will catch the naked eye.

"What are you doing?" asked an up-town lady of her husband, who was hammering a stove-pipe with a dinner-bell. "Oh, nothing, nothing," he replied; "I'm only ringing out a fall coat."

A Texan owl mistook a sleeping man's head for a chicken, and fastened its claws into his hair and scalp. "Well! what's the matter now, old woman?" said the assailed, as he awoke.

The cause of that old squatter's sigh,  
The cause of making believe she's shy,  
The cause of trying to be spry,  
The cause of buying black hair dye,  
The cause of lustre in her eye,  
Is 'cause dear leap year's drawing nigh.

Mrs. Jane Collins, of Pottstown, Pa., excites the envy of her neighbors by boasting of the fact that a pitcher has not been broken in her family during her twenty-nine years of her married life. The family all drink out of the water-pail.

It has been discovered that paste may spontaneously combust, and the Boston *Transcript* cautions papers edited by the paste-pot to be careful how they deal with this dangerous instrumentality. A paper edited by the paste-pot will "burst" much quicker than it will "combust."

The maiden of the period  
May youth and beauty lack;  
Yet she'd forego those charms, you know,  
To catch a sealskin saccue.

"I notice," said an editor to a new reporter, "that you nearly always make an o instead of an a." "Yes," the reporter replied, "for you see I used to be the editor of a country paper. We didn't have any a's in the office and I had to shape myself to circumstances."

She raised a disturbance in the house and he bonced his mother-in-law out and the policeman took him in. This is the record one day this week. Charlie now says history always repeats itself, and the next time it happens the old lady will think a Minnesota cyclone has struck her.

ow, while the frost bedecks the plain,  
And freezes every window-pane,  
While winds blow cold across the moor,  
Both far and near a cry of pain  
Comes once again—a sad refrain!  
"Jerusalem! Just shut that door!"